Ac.110.

Upon the most hopefull and ever Flouriſhing Sprouts of Valour, the indefatigable Centryes *or Armed* GYANTS *Cut in* Yew *at the* Phyſick Garden *in* Oxford.

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ALTHO no *Brandiſh't Cherubins* are here,
Yet Sons of *Adam* venture not too near.
It is decreed by the Eternal Hoſt,
That *Paradiſe* muſt be for ever loſt,
Here's your *Nil ultra*, ~~elſe~~ * *for beheld* in theſe
Is both a *Pillar* and an *Hercules*.
If you'l not dread their looks, yet may you fear
The Arms, and ſtrange *Fatalities* they bear.
The Gardener On very * *Bobert* their commands they lay,
And wiſely he does yearly Tribute pay
Each *Chriſtmas* day, ſubmitting to the Fates,
Preſents them both with two great Lace Cravates.
The Emblem of *Mortality* the *Yew*
Does now the Armed, Bloody Warriours ſhew:
And if unwary Mortals ſlight their Guard,
Oth' pleaſant *Gard'n* they make a *ſad Church-yard:*
In this Conjunction miſchief's never ſcant,
The *Saturnine*'s become a *Martial* plant.
Far off in Heaven are theſe ill-boding Stars,
What's here at hand, when *Saturn* joyns with *Mars*?
Th' *Heſperian* watchfull Dragon, that did lye
By th' Apples, and more then *Nine waies* could ſee,
Is leſs renowned: Ours do better keep
Their Treaſure, and did never wink or ſleep.
Their Blood is poyſon, peſtilent their breath,
Their very Shade is almoſt ſuddain death;
Who dares be ſafe? no Turk is Armed ſo,
Being made of Yew. When ev'ry member of them is a Bow,
When Arms are Arm'd, Bows charg'd with Mace or Bill,
So that at once, with *Stroke* and *Shoot* they kill.
And lop each Limb, you cannot ſtrike them dead,
Each Limb will multiply like *Hydra*'s Head.
Some vegetables do themſelves protect
With prickles, ſtings, or ſtinks oth' ſame effect;
Our Garden *Genij* more General
Do not defend themſelves alone, but all.
Old *Heroes* hung their Weapons on the Trees,
To ſignalize their well-got Victories;
Theſe *daring Souls*, theſe ever *brave* in *War*
Triumphing *Victors* both, and *Trophies* are.
If *Quibling Cambridge* when they next *Commence*
Shall ſay, here's *Terræ Filij* void of Senſe,
And very Block-heads: know that they were meant
For *Military* not a *learn'd* intent.
Valour and wit at equal Honour fly,
Our Valour oft, ſeldome their wit dwells high.
As wiſe men moſt are cowards; ſo tis fit
That Combatants have neither *fear* nor *wit*,
And tho their *Education* they'l not boaſtt
(And much Reſpect by Modeſty is loſt)
They value not the *Box* that *Wickham* laid
Who often to them very gravely ſaid,
That every man is by his manners made:
'Cauſe you Men fail'd, theſe Trees aſſum'd of late
The grand proprieties of Humane ſtate,
Couch't in an Oak the *Soveraingty* you Knew,
See here appropriate Valour in an *Yew*.
What are they Speechleſs ſaiſt? fye, men of Swords
And truly valiant, are not men of words,
They *murmur* tho, and ſhake their Creſts, diſturb'd
By ſawcy Winds; nor would their rage be curb'd,
Were't not beneath them, Honour to repair,
When tis to ſtrike the *Winds*, or beat the *Air*,
Jove whiſpers peace, or elſe we well might wonder,
He ſo ſecure lets ruſt his daſtard Thunder.
Theſe *Earth-born Gyants* take a different Courſe,
By plots, as perilous, as is their force.
Each man's an Ambuſcado, and may well
Be ſaid at once *Perdue* and *Sentinell*.
How they *advance* tow'rds Heav'n both Night and Day,
And forces do come in upon the way,
Yet march unſeen: but *Joves* all kenning Eye
Did ſoon their *Growing* Stratagems eſpy.
Elſe might th' all Conquerour have been ſurpriz'd
As was Our own, by men in *Boughs* diſguis'd.
The poor affrighted *Atlas*, had he not
At laſt took heart, had ſent them all to pot;
For quaking ſo, the Heav'ns too faſt ran round
That ev'ry God had almoſt tumbled down.
Vulcan thankt his *Stars*, that's *one Leg* was ſav'd
And *Venus* that her — was not diſplaid,
Being much diſturb'd in Mind, that women muſt
T'unfaithful Petticoats their *Treaſures* truſt.
But now the *Sun* is ſent a league to treat,
And to Careſs them with his gentle heat,
With numerous preſents of his Golden Raies,
And farther promiſe of Serener daies; (Wheels.
Elſe they with force would crack Heav'ns Chariot
But *proſtrate* Earth too hangs about their Heels.
And as an ancient loyal *Sabine* wife,
Ventures to intercede and part the ſtrife,
As oft an half-ſpun ſinner ——
By th' *Spirits* mov'd (when he's in *Thinking* mode)
But ſtreight kept back by his Dear *Fleſh* and *Blood*;
So they, whoſe humbler ſcope in Heav'ns Crown,
With *Darling* Earth are *Clog'd* and *Fetter'd* down.
Could we believe but what Old women do,
They are not only *Men* but *Chriſtians* too,
Who fright the *Devil* himſelf. Had *God* but ſet
In his firſt Colony, this *Amulet:*
No work for *Cherub* had their been; no doubt
The *Devil* had been, and not poor *man* caſt out.
From Sons of *Adam* now we muſt retrieve
Our Warning to the Daughters next of *Eve*.
You Ladies, whom *Priapus* can't affright,
Whoſe *Toyiſh* weapon rather does invite,
(Proſcrib'd as inſufficient) ſince you are
Beneath diſpleaſure, therefore do not dare
To uſe the Garden ſo, as men uſe you,
At once to Love ye, and *deflour* ye too.
Weak is your Sex, you know the dev'l in *Swine*
Was nere repuls'd by *hedge* of *Eglantine*.
If then the *Courtier Fox* or *Bully Bore*
Your mounds have never undermind or tore;
Thus fortifie your ſelves: In your defence
Set Gyant Honour, Gyant Conſcience.
So ſhall you never keep, by this Advice,
Knaves *Kitchin Garden*, but *Fools Paradiſe*.

FINIS.